often think of the city, for oh how oft I offen think of the city, for ou how out.
My hierd has been wrong at parting.
With friends all pale, who with footfails.
To its stry heights were starting.
I not them even, in their reliments white,
In the blue, blue distance dwelling,
And I bear their praises is calm delight.
Came shown wit the breeder aw ching,
is I drawn of, the city I have not seen,
where the feet of inortals have never been.

That beautiful city is home to me,
My loved ones are going thither.
And they who daws already crossed the sea
Are calling "Come hither! hither!"
What love lighted faces and voices dear,
And spirits which long to meet me,
followed to the weathers. Giow out on the melting atmosphere when the wrage of slumber greet me, is I drawn so the city I have not seen. Where the feet of mortals have never been.

## SELECTED STORIES.

Bevis." has had a look

The Lyons diligence was just going to start from Geneva. I climbed on the roof, and chose my place next the driver; there was still a vacant seat, and the porter called "Monsieur Dermann!"

A tall young man, with a German style of constraints ages advanced, holding in his of constehance, advanced, holding in his arms a large black greyhound, which he vainly tried to place on the roof.

"Monsieur," said he, addressing me, "will you have the kindness to take my

sending over, I took hold of the animal and placed him on the straw at my feet. I observed that he were a handsome silver collar, on which the following words were tastefully engraved: "Bevis. I belong to Sir Arthur Burnley, given to him by Miss

Clara."

His owner was, therefore, an Englishman, yet my fellow traveler, who had now taken his place by my side, was evidently either a "Is does not surprise me," he answered,
"that this collar should puzzle you; and I
have great pleasure telling you the story of
its wearer. Bevis belongs to me, but it is not many years since he owned another mas-ter, whose name is on his collar. You will

why he still wears it. Here, Beyis! speak to the gentleman,"

The dog raised his head, opened his bright eyes, and, laying back his long ears, uttered a sound which might well pass for a saltation.

Mr. Dermann placed the animal's head
n his knee and he began to unfasten the

Instantly Bevis drew back his head with a violent jerk, and darted toward the inggage on the hind part of the roof. There, growling fiercely, he lay down, while his muscles were stiffened, and his eyes glowing

"You see, Monsieur, how determined he is to guard his collar; I should not like to be the man who would try to rob him of it. Here, Bevis," said he, in a soft caressing tone, "A won't touch it again, poor fellow!

Come and make friends."

The greyhound hesitated, still growling.

At length he returned slowly toward his master, and began to lick his hands; his muscles gradually relaxed, and he trembled.

"There, boy, there," said Mr. Derman, ca-ressing him. "We won't do it again. Lie dows now, and be quiet." Thankog nestled between his master's feet and went to sleep. My fellow traveler, then

and went to sleep. My fellow traveler, then turning towards me began:

"I am a native of Suabia, but I live in a little village of the Sherland, at the foot of the Grimsel. My father keeps an inn for the reception of travelem going to St. Gothard. About two years ago there arrived at our house one evening a young Englishman, with a pale, sad countenance. He traveled on foot, and was followed by a large gray-hound, this Bevis, whom you see. He declined taking any refreshments and asked to be shown to his sleeping room. We gave him one over the common hall, where we were all seated around the fire. Presently we heard him pasing rapidly up and down; from time to time uttering broken words, addressed no doubt to his dog, for the animal monned occasionally, as If replying to and sympathizing with his master.

"At length we heard the Englishman stop and apparently strike the dog a blow, for

and apparently strike the dog a blow, for the poor beast gave a loud howl of agony, and seemed as if he rau to take refuge under the bed. Soon after he lay down, and all the bed. Soon after he lay down, and all was quiet for the night. Early next morning he came down looking still more pale than the previous evening, and having paid for his lodging, he took his knapsack and resumed his journey, followed by the greyhound, who had eaten nothing since their arrival, and whose master seemed to take no further notice of him than to frown when the creature ventured to caress him. "About noon I happened to be standing at the door, looking teward the direction the Englishman had taken, when I heard howls of distress proceeding from a wounded dog that was dragging himself towards

"I ran to him and recognized the English man's greyhound. His head was torn, evi dently by a bullet and one of his paws bro ken. I raised him in my arms and carried ken. I raised him in my arms and carried him into the house. When I crossed the threshold he made evident efforts to escape. so I placed him on the ground. Then, in spite of the torture he was suffering, which caused him to stagger every moment, he stretched at the door of the room where his master had slept, meaning at the same time so piteously that I could scarcely help weeping myself. I opened the door and with an effort he get into the room, looked about, and not inding whom he sought he fell down metionless.

"I called my father, and perceiving that

of him as though lie had been a child, so much disk we feel for him. In two months he was cured, and showed as much affection—we found it impossible to take off his collar even for the purpose of binding up his wounds. As soon as he was able to walk he would often go towards the mountain, and be absent for hours. The second time this occurred we followed him. He proceed-

criefly wronged him, must have tore his heart, and at length impelled him to destroy the faithful creature. By the shot not having been mortal to the dog, I imagine, when he recovered consciousness, was led by instinct to seek the house where his master last slept. No, Monsieur, he is yours and I heartily thank you for tar kindness you have shown him."

"About ten o'clock the stranger retired to his room, after having caressed Beris, who escorted him to his door, and then rewho escorted him to his door, and then returned to his accustomed place before the fire. My parents and the servants had retired to rest, and I prepared to follow their example, my bed being placed at one end of the common hall. While I was undressing I heard astorm rising in the mountains. Just then there came a knocking at the door, and Bevis began to growl. I saked who was there! A voice replied,

'Two travelers, who want a night's lodging.' I opened asmall chink of the door to look out, and perceived two ragged men, each leaning on a large cittle. I did not like their looks; and knowing that several robberies had been committed in the neighbor.

their looks; and knowing that several rob-beries had been committed in the neighbor-acod. I refused them admission, telling them that in the next village they would readily find shelter. They approached the door as though they meant to force their way in, but Bevis made his voice heard in so form-idable a manner that they judged it prudent to retire. I bolted the door and went to bed. Bevis, according to his custom, lay down near the threshold, but we neither of us felt inclined to sleep.

denly, above the wailing of the wind, came the loud, shrill cry of a human being in distress. Bevis rushed to the door with a fear-ful bowl; at the same moment came the re-port of a gun, followed by another cry port of a gun, followed by another cry.
Two minutes after, I was on the road, armied with a carbine and holding a dark lantern; my father and the stranger, armed, accompanied me. As for Bevis, he had darted out the house and disappeared.

"We approached the defile which I mentioned before, at a moment when a flash of lightning illuminated the scane."

ightning illuminated the scene. A hund-red yards in advance we saw Bevis grasp-ing a man by the throat. We hurried on, but the dog had completed his work ere we reached him, for two men, whom I recognized as those who had sought admittance to our ion, lay dead, strangled by his pow-erful jaws. Further on, we discovered an-other man, whose bloody wounds the noble dog was licking. The stranger approached him, and gave a convulsive cry; it was Sir Swiss or a Berman, and his name was Der mann. Trifling as was the mystery, it excited my curposity and after two or three hours pleasant conversation had established a sort of antimacy between us, I ventured to be designed to cares the sleening greyhound in ped to caress the sleeping greyhound in order to hide his emotion. After a while

be finished his recital in a few words:

"Sir-Arther was mortally wounded, but
had lived long enough to recognize his dog,
and to confess that in a moment of desperation he had tried to kill the faithful creature who now avenged his death by slaying the robbers who had attacked him. He apointed the stranger his executor, and settled a large pension on Bevis, to revert to the family of the inst keeper, wishing thus to testify his repentant love toward his dog, and his gratitude towards those who had succored uim. The grief of Bevis was exessive; he watched by his master's couch vering his dead body with caresses, and for a long time lay stretched on his grave, refusing to take nourishment; and it was not until after the lapse of many months that the affection of his new master seemed to console him for the loss of Sir Arthur." As my tellow-traveler finished the recita the diligence stopped to change horses at the little town of Mantus. Here M. Der-

mann's journey ended, and having taken down his luggage, he asked me to assist the descent of his dog. I shook hands with him cordially, and then called Bevis, who seeing me on such good terms with his master, placed his large paws on my breast, and uttered a low friendly bark. Shortly after they both disappeared from my sight, but

in a little post town sinong the right and of Scotland, far away from any great city there lived, a few years ago, a woman mucl respected and well-beloved, though of lowly and humble fortune—one Mrs. Jean Ander son. She had been left a widdow, with one son, the youngest and last of saveral promising children. ing children.

She was poor and her industry was taxed to the utmost to keep fierzelf and her son, who was a fine clever lad, and to give him the education he ardently desired. At the early age of sixteen, Malcom Anderson resolved to seek his fortune in the wide world, and become a sailor. He made several voyages to India and China, and always, like the good boy, he was, brought home some useful present to his mother, to whom he gave a large portion of his carnings. But he never liked a scafaring life, though e grew strong and staleart in it; and when

tion in a large mercantile house in Calcutta where being shrewd, enterprising and hon-est, like most of his countrymen, he grad-ually rose to a place of trust and importance ually rose to a place of trust and importance, and finally to a partnership. As his fortune improved, his mother's circumstances were made easier. He remitted money to seems her the old cottage home, repaired and enlarged with a garden and lawa; and placed at her command, annually, a sum sufficient to meet all her wants, and to pay the wages of a faithful servant or rather companion for the brisk, independent old lady stoutly

for the brisk, independent old lady stoutly refused to be served by any one.

Entangled in business cares, Mr. Anderson never found time and freedom for a long voyage and a visit home; till at last, failing of health, and the necessity of educating his children, compelled into a bruptly wind up his business and return to Scot. and. He was then a man somewhat over ortr, but looking far older than his yours, howing all the effects of the trying climate of India He was grey and somewhat bald, with here and there a dash of white in his open, but his youthful amile remained full of quiet drollery and his eye had not lest all of its old and gleeful spackle by porting over ledgers and counting rupes. He had married a country woman, the hildren, a son and a staughter. He did

children, a sen and a daughter. He did not write to his good mother that he was coming home, as he wished to surprise her, and tost her memory of her sailor boy. The voyage was made in safety.

One summer afternoon Mr. Malcom Anderson arrived with his family at his native town. Putting up at a little int, he proceeded to dress himself in a suit of sailor clothes and then walked out alone by a bypath he well knew, and then through a shady lane near to his young, hazie nutting days all strangely unchanged, he approached his mother's cottage. He stopped for a moment on the lawn outside to curb down the heart that was bounding to meet that

that if my own mother would know, though she was very food of me went to sea."

"Ab, mon! it's little ye ken about mithers gin ye think sea. I can tell ye there is na mortal memory like theirs," the widow somewhat wirmly replied: then added—"And where has ye lost the Scotch fra you

snow, and big blue cen, wi' a glint in them, like the light of the evening star. Na! na! ye are a guid enough boy, I dinna doubt, and a decent woman's son.

Here the ansquending merchant or rably taken down, made a mevement though to leave, but the hospitable dame stayed him, saying, "Gin he has travelled a the way from India, ye mann be the dapt hungry. Bide a bit, and est and drink will us. Margery, come down, and let us set on the supper."

the supper."

The two women soon provided quite a tempting repast, and they all three sat down to it, Mrs. Anderson reverently asking a blessing. But the merchant could not est. He was only hungry for his mother's kisses, only thirsty for her joyful recognition; yet he could not bring himself to say to her.—'I am your son." He asked himself, half grieved, half amused, "Where are the unerting natural instincts, I have read about in novels."

novels."

His hostess, seeing he did not eat, kindly asked if he could suggest anything he would be likely to relish. "I thank you, madam," he answered, "it does seem to me that I should like some oatmeal porridge, such as my mother used to make, if so be you have

"Porridge I" repeated the widow. "Ah, he means paritch. Yes, we have a little left fire dinner. Gie it to him, Margerry. But mon, I guess its cauld."

"Never mind, I know I should like it," he rejoined, taking the bowl, and beginning to stir the porridge with his spoon. As he did so, Mrs. Anderson gave a start, and bent eagerly toward him. Then she sank back in her chair with a sigh, saying, in answer to his questioning look: his questioning look:
"Ye minded me o' my Malcom, then ; just in that way he used to stir his paritch—gle-ing it a whirl and a fiirt. Ah! gin ye were my Malcolm, my poor laddie?"
"Well, then, gin I were your Malcom,"

said the merchant, speaking for the first time in the Scottish dialect, and in his own time in the Scottish dialect, and in his own voice; "or gis your braw young Malcom were as brown, and bald, and grey, and bent and as old as I am, could you welcome him to your arms and love him as in the dear auld lang syne? Could you mither.

All through this touching little speech, the widow's eyes had been glistening, and her breath coming fast; but at that word, "mither," she sprang up with a cry, and totering to her son, fell almost fainting on his breast. He kissed her; kissed her brow and her lips, and her hands, the big tears slid down his bronzed cheeks, while she clung slid down his bronzed cheeks, while she cl about his neck and called him by all the old pet names, and tried to see in him the dear old young looks. By and by they came back or the ghosts of them came back. The form in her embrace grew comeller; love and joy gave it a second youth, stately and

and joy gave it a second youth, stately and gracious the first she then and there buried deep in her heart a sweet, beautiful, pecu-liar memory. It was a moment of solems reaunciation, is which she gave up the fond maternal illusion she had cherished so long Then, looking up suddenly into the face of the middle-aged man who had taken its place, she asked—
"Where has ye left the wife and bairns !" "At the inn, mother. Have you room for us all at the cottage?"

"Indeed I have—twa good spare rooms
wi' large closets, weal stocked wi' linen; I
hae been spinning a' these long years for ye

"Well, mother, dear, now you must rest," rejoined the merchant tenderly.

"Na, na. I dinna care to rest till ye lay
me down to take my lang rest. There'll be time enough between that day and the resurrection to fauld my idleness. Now 'twould be unco-irksome. But go, my son, and bring me the wife—I hope I shall like her; and the bairns I hope they will like

I have only to say that both the goo woman's hopes were realized. A very happy family knelt down in prayer that night, and many nights after, in the widow's cottage, whose climbing roses and woodbines were but outward signs and types of the sweet-ness and blessedness of the love and peac

The St. Louis Republican states that building railroads and cotton factories has become a lively business in the Southern States. There is scarcely a single thriving town of 3,000 inhabitants in Alabama and Mississippi that is not preparing to erect a mill for making coarse cotton or woolen goods. The leading topic of Interest at Corinth and Huntaville at this time is the effort to miss by subscription momer amough to erect a factory in either place and the migerous carnestness with which it is being preced gives assurance that it will succeed in each case. But railroading is the leading mania in Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, Arkansas and Texas. New Roads are planned, and some of them being built, in each of those States, to place cotton regions within reach of markets from which they are now almost debarred, or that are accessible only by expensive carriage. General Forrest has by expensive carriage. General Forrest ha charge of one of these roads in Alabama, and is pushing it forward with prodigious energy; and, indeed, many of the most enter prising ex-Confederate officers in the South are taking the lead in works of internal improvement and industrial undertaking at he rich cotton crops of last year, and this afford a part of the means of building these roads, and capital from Boston encouraged by the brilliant future of the South, is being liberally fornished to aid the work being liberally a raished to aid the work. In five years there will hardly be a productive region in the South not supplied with a

Mysterious Disappearance. Mr. Willis G. Poindexter, an old citizen of Bedford, residing near Forest depot, left his some on Tuesday morning last, and came to this city, having in his possession a number of valuable papers and some money. He remained here during the day, and his friends aupposed he returned to his home in the evening. He did not do so, however, and had not returned up to yesterday. The hast trace of him is at a house on Diamond Hill, near the "White Rock," where a person answering to his description stopped to light his pipe at a late hour in the night, and the next morning his verse was found fied to the fence in from of the house, but he was mowhere to be seen. It is said that he was under the influence of honor at the time he left the house, and his friends fear the ray have wandered off in this condition, and fallen over some of the numerous to this city, having in his possession a num the may have wandered off in this condition, and fallen over some of the numerous
precipice which abound in the neighborhood
or probably that he may have been foully
dealt with by some one of the many scouns
drels who infest the country. The disappearance is, to say the lead of it, a very mysterious one, and the authorities should exeri themselves to ferree out the mystery.—
The friends of the missing man have been
actively searching for him for some days,
but up to last night had obtained no cipe to
his whereabouts of his fate.

Should any person who may see this paragraph know anything of him, they will confer a favor by communicating the information to the editor of the News.—Lynchbury
News.

Astounding Phenomenon.

About the hour of one P. M. sectords, the 6th instant, the community was startled by a terrific explosion in a direction apparently northwest from this, accompanied by a dease volume of smoke. One gentleman compared the report to a simultaneous discharge of a park of artiller, and distinctly saw the column of smoke whith trose in the quarter from which the sound proceeded.

The explosion was heard by two-thirds of our citizens, and some assert that the shock of an earthquake was plainly felt.

Addison, an intelligent colorad man in the employment of Mr. William H. Brooks, says he was at Beall's mills when the event oc curred, and in company with a white man as what resembled a sheet of flame descend from the beavens toward Lumpkin, northwest of Cuthbert, and heard at the same moment a terrific explosion.

The true solution of the mystery may be found, perhaps, in the sudden projection from the moon or some other heaveny body, of a vast grolife or metallic mass in a state of fusion, which doubtless lies deeply imbedded in the bosom of mother earth. W. shell anxiously await developments.—Cuthbert (Grall Arness, 7th.)

THE NASBY PAPERS. Chapter of Experience in Mississippi

. IFrom the Toledo Blade.]

[From the Toledo Blade.]

Vixnuna, (which is in the State uv Mississippi,) Sept. 28, 1869.

I am, ex the date uv this opistle shows, in Mississippi, where I shelt contribuit my mite to the elecahen uv Judge Dent to the Chief Magistracy uv the glorions State. I wuz present last site at the first meetin uv the campane, where all the candidates uv the Conservative Toonyun party, ex the Democracy call theirselves in this seckshen, addressed the masses. The awjence wuzuw all colors. Oh! ex I saw them niggers standin there all together, how I longed to have can in Kentucky, Ohio or Injiany, where they can't vote, and where its safe to bust em! But they want in Kentucky, Ohio or Injiany, they were in Mississippi, and they her votes, and consekently I wuz compelled to stand by and treat em ex though they wuz men. Faugh!

Judge Deat made a most tellin speech to em. After remarkin that he was a brother-in-law uv P-esident Grant (at which the niggers cheered, and the Judge thankt em with ex much grace ex poor Johnson yoost to under similar circumstances) he went on to ask why his colored triends coodent hev confidence into him. He cood put his hand onto his heart and swear he loved en. He wuzut a colored man hisself, but he hed lived amongst em all his life, and hed bin nussed at the breast uv a colored woman. Love, cm! He did love em. There wuz suthin noble about em—suthin uv that nacher wich gave him confidence in humanity. The Judge devoted the balance uv the time he had to the most scorchin, witherin, blastin-rebook uv carpit-baggers and carpit-baggary I cver heerd. When he spoke with contempt uv Northern men wich come South for the purpose uv bein nominated for office and vu makin speeches in their own behalf, his blood curdled with indignashen.

Ez he conclouded I hollered "Ror!"

The candidate fur Auditur uv State asserted him ex the vixe was as gers yelled "Ror!"

The candidate fur Auditur uv State asserted him ex the sure of the colured man and be waz destined to work out his final salvation. He wuz worthy uv the

waz proud tu say he hed colured blood in his veins, and alluz hed. Helcood take a Ethopin uv African descent by the hand and

say "brother."
The other candidates were equally phatic ez tu ther affection fur a Ethopia One asserted that his brother wuz a muia

the candidates wave two conservative vunus flags over us, which by accident happend to be confederit flags. Judge Dent, pointin at us with one hand, exclaimed: "Democrasy and Etheopy are hand hand, hart to hart, 'Ror !"

It was tough for me, but I endoored it and the strikin picter was cheered vocifer and the strikin pieter was cheered vocifer-ously by the black cusses before us.

The meeting ended with three hearty cheers for the candidates, wich was jined in principally by the candidates and me.

Judge Dent shood her given me \$10 and sent me Nosth immejitly, but he didn't.
He gave me \$10 to treat niggers with. Cood I waste whisky on niggers, even to confirm the impression left on ther minds at the meetin? Never! So that evenin me our natural instinks riz. Ez I saw them the whiskey in me biled. Forgittin my affect-shinit demonstrashen on the platform that arternoon, I marched out follered by my new found friends. Hangin on to a lamp post I remarked to them that they wuz d—c

"Your seemed from the grillers.
"Your seemed from the grillers."
ferior race—'Rer Pf fale) Dent, and
Grant—your not chal to whites—you
got no int'lect, and you (hic)
Rer for Dent! Go for the d—d ni

boys!"

Kill the d—d seggers," shouted one wich hed participated in the Noo York onpleasantnis in 1863, "kill the bloody nagers" and echoin his cry, we sailed in.

The Ethiopians wuz surprised. They hed seen me on the stand—they hed observed me shaking hands cordially with Dent and the other candidates, and to be termed declared in sich a man assaulted in sich a man d-d niggers, and assaulted in sich a man ner wux too much for em. We didn't van fort of several pleecemen and sitizens to reskoo us from the infuriated retches, and I write these lines with my hed bandoged, one arm in the sling and divers other contossiens. I wood leve here, but my vote is needed to prevent the carpet-baggers from the carpet baggers from the carpet baggers.

aint one and the same everywhere. Hed I did in Noo York, or Ohio, or Injeanny wat I did in Noo York, or Ohio, or Injeanny wat I did in Vixburg, the Dimocrisy wood hev rewarded me with a sect in the Legislater, while here it puts me out uv favor with the same party. And wat an argement in favor uv temperans, when you hev to make sudden changes in business wich requires delikit touches. In the North the more likker a man hez in him the better he is fitted for Dimocrisy, for it unlooses his lower instinks. Here, alse! the hachral instink every Dimikrat hez to kill a nigger must be supposed. krat hez to kill a nigger must be supprest. Wo is me! I don't bleeve I shel ever do for this seckshun.

Ef I ever doubted the terribul effeck to

giving the nigger the ballot, I am now con rinst. Instit of runnin like sheep or stand-ing with bowed heds to take sich blows g half agin men uv their own race wuz too sickuin. And this, too, done by Dimocrate Wat is the country comin to ?
PETROLEUM V. NASBX.

Campbell and his party, in the north of No. way, from a cliff one thousand feet above the white N and

swang up perceptibly on his beat, the colors changed to those of morning, a freshbreez rappied over the flood, one songsteafter another pisted up in the grove behind us—we had alid into another day.

A Very Obtuse Witness. Pat Fagerty went all the way from Man-chester to London to thrash Nick Fitzpat-rick, winding up the performance with the assistance of an awful horse shoe. He was detected, and brought before a justice. A part of the examination is annexed: Court—Well, sir, you came from Manches-ter did you?

r, did you ! Pat—Your Honor has answered correct. Court -You see the complainant's head; was cut with a sharp instrument. Do you ow what cut it?

know what cut it?

Put—Ain't your Honor after saying a sharp instrument did?

Court—(becoming restive) I see you mean to equivocate. Now, sir, you cut that head, you came here to cut it, did you not? Now,

Pat—The locomotive, sir!

Court—(waxing angrily) Equivocating again, you rascal; (raising up the horse shoe and holding it before Pat) do you see this orse shoe, sir ! Pat—Is it a horse shoe, your Honor ! Court—Don't you see it is, sir ! Are you blind! Can you not tell at once that it is a

borse shoe? Pat—Bedad, no your Honor. Court—(angrily) No ! Pat—No, your Honor; but can yourself

Court-Of course I can, you stupid Irish-Pat—(soliloquizing aloud)—Oh! glory be to goodness, see what education is, your Honor; sure a poor ignorant creature like myself wouldn't know a horse shoe from a mare's.

The story of Cinderella is familiar to every one, and yet there are few that treasure it up as in any respect true. But it has a foundation and a reality that really need no fairy godmother, with her pumpkin and har rats, to make an entertaining tale. It is as follows :

"In about the year 1730, a French actor by the name of Thevenard lived in Paris. He was rich and talented but had no wife, and we may believe he had never loved any one but gave all his affections to those ideal one but gave all his affections to those ideal characters that he could represent so finely on the stage. One day as he was walking leisurely along the streats of Paris, he came upon a cobbler's stall, and his eye was attracted by a dainty little shoe which lay there waiting for repairs. His imagination began immediately to form the little foot that must fit such a little shoe. He examined it well, but only to admire it more and more. He went to the stall of the cobbler again but could learn nothing with regard to the owner of the shoe. This only increased his eagerness, and made him more creased his eagerness, and made him more determined to know to whom it belonged. phatic ez tu ther affecsbon fur a Ethopin. One asserted that his brother wuz a mulatter, and the other remainin vowed that shood they be left disconsolit widerwers four hundred times each, they would every time marry colured ladies.

The Chairman inderdoost the candidate for Sekretary uv State. Good heavens! he wuz a nigger. The nigger shook hands with all the other candidates and made a few remarks, after which I wuz inderdoost to the awjence. Ez all uv em hed expressed their undying leve for the nigger, I felt I must. My weakness is dramatic effect. I'm a natural organizer uv tabloo. Seizin that nigger by the hand, I led him to the front nv the stage, and falling on his neck, I hed the candidates wave two conservative yunun.

Six Hours Wandering in the Bowels of

Six Hours Wandering in the Bowels of On Sunday morning last two Welch gen-tlemen, brothers named Williams, who arriv-ed in Knoxville a short time since, to take charge of one of our rolling mills, made a trip to the country for the purpose of explor-ing Love's cave, about five miles from the city, on the East Tennessee and Virginia ing among its tortious and deceitful paths, the brothers soon discovered that they had lost their reckoning, and were in the cave without knowledge of how to get out. Alarmed they attempted to retrace their steps, but every minute led them further and further from the entrance. The cave has been explored for eleven miles and is believed to be of vast extent. The prospect before the brothers was now really alarming. For hours they wandered in agony of spirit, the great drops of sweat standing out upon their blanched faces. As the hours lengthened, and their torches went out, the situation became desperate. Forcing their way through small crevices, stumbling over boulders, and bruising their persons severely, they, at last, were overjoyed to find that they had struck a current of ai. Following its blessed course, they at length surgred from a fissure in the rock, in an unknown country, which they afterward found to be fully seven miles from the entrance, where they had commenced their exploration six hours previously.

hours previously.

The gentlemen are not scriously injured, but they have given up exploring fathom-less abysses and illimitable caverns.

Fun at Home. Don't be afraid of a little fun at home pont he afraid of a little fun at home, geod people. Don't shut up your house lest the sun should fade your carpets; and your hearts; lest a hearty laugh should shake down some of the musty old cobwebs there. If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold without, when they care them as inch.

when they come home at night.

When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink, and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling houses and reckless degradation. Young people must have tun and relaxation somewhere; if they do not find it at their own hearthstones, it will be sought in other and less profitable

night, and make the home-nest delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoy-ant spirits of your children; half an hour of merriment around the lamp and firelight of home blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safe-guard they can take with them in-to, the world is the unsers influence of to the world is the unseen influence of a bright little domestic sauctum.—The Little-A Lively Centenarian.

A Lively Centenarian.

Mrs Angeline Podesta, who is well advanced toward her one hundred and first year, led the grand march at the Italian ball at Mozart Hall, in Cincinnati, on Monday night, and danced ten sets besides. We saw Mrs. Podesta after she had performed this feat. Her grip was like that of a black-smith, her eye was clear as an eagle's, and her face, with its strongly marked features, showed no signs of fatigue. She to truly a wonderful old lady. Born on the 9th of January, 1769, in Italy, she has passed through scenes such as it has been vouchsafed to few living mortals to behold. Let any of our readers run over in memory the history of

readers run over in memory the history lasty from 1770 to 1847, when Mrs. Pode listy from 1770 to 1847, when Mrs. Podesta came to America, and the history of our-country since that time, and they will com-comprehend what thrilling experiences are laid up in the old lady's memory, atill clear and vigorous as it is. She looked on Monday night as it she might live another half century, if she did not witness the first of the year 2000.—Cincinnati Gazette.

the hotel with one under his arm, and began to screw it up. One of the screws slipped, and he spat upon it to make it bold, and then began to draw the bow. The Irishman, who was watching him could stand it no longer, but bolted scross the stret into an-other hotel, exclaiming: "I thought this was a land of treedom, but the devil take such a land when ye abuse the poor childres bad."

Landlord—" Who is abusing the ci

now, with a little boy under his arm, an began to torment the little crather. I he began to pull and twist his ears, to provoke him more, he spit in his and then be drew a briar across his b and Howly Virgin! how he did scream

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